

MARVEL

011

**GILLEN
WALKER
DEERING
FABELA**

STAR WARS™

DOCTOR APHRA



THE ENORMOUS PROFIT

Part III

It is a period of opportunity. In a galaxy oppressed by Imperial forces, there is little hope for the future. But for those operating on the fringes, there is potential for profit.

Rogue archaeologist Chelli Aphra has recovered and reactivated the Rur crystal, an artifact with the consciousness of an ancient Jedi with powerful levels of technopathy, and she's selling to the highest bidder.

Aphra solicits offers from some of the biggest names on the black market. A great plan – until one client's demand to see a demonstration of Rur's technopathic abilities results in Rur possessing the body of a droid and seemingly freeing himself....

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VERY WELL...

...WHO WISHES TO PARTAKE IN THE INCANDESCENT GLORY OF IMMORTAL RUR?



IF THIS IS ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION, IT'S DISTINCTLY UNNECESSARY, APHRA.

OKAY. I'VE GOT MORE FIELD EXPERIENCE THAN YOU GUYS...



GET DOWN!



LESSON ONE: KNOW WHEN TO GET OUT OF THE FIRING LINE.



HAH!

WHY PAY WHEN ONE CAN SLAY? THEN RETRIEVE THE BAUBLE FROM ITS SMOKING CHASSIS!



IT IS THE EZARAA WAY!

FOR THE
GLORY OF
THE EZARAA
DOMINION!



RETREAT!



WHO'S NEXT?



AH--
THOSE WHO
CONSIDER ME
MERCHANDISE.

LESSON
TWO...



...KNOW
WHEN TO
RUN!



NONO
NONO
NO.

THANKYOU.



OBSERVATION:
I WOULD HAVE HOPED
TECHNOPATHIC CONTROLS
OF THOSE GUNS WOULD
LEAD TO HIM BEING A
BETTER SHOT.

ADDITIONAL:
IF I'D KNOWN,
I WOULD HAVE
REDUCED OUR
BID.

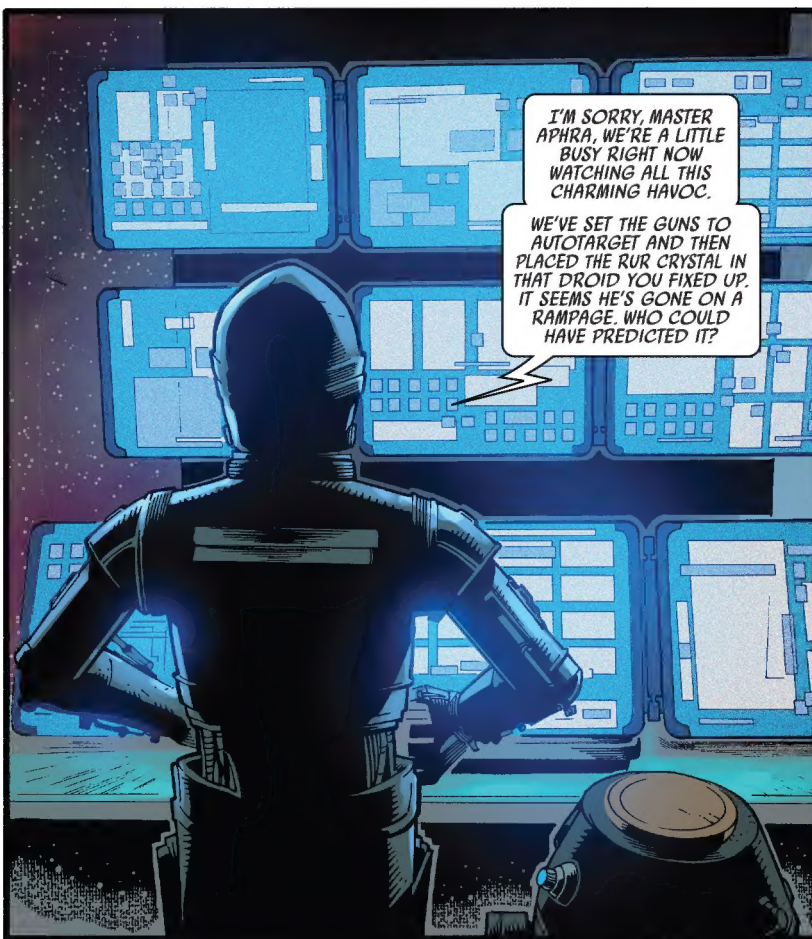
NO, RUR'S
A GREAT
SHOT. HE'S
A KILLER.

AND
YOU'RE STILL
ACTIVE. AS ARE
ALL THE OTHER
DROIDS...

RUR DOESN'T
HAVE HIS
TECHNOPATHY.

SOMEONE
ELSE IS
CONTROLLING
THE GUNS.

TRIPLE-
ZERO!



I'M SORRY, MASTER APHRA, WE'RE A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW WATCHING ALL THIS CHARMING HAVOC.

WE'VE SET THE GUNS TO AUTOTARGET AND THEN PLACED THE RUR CRYSTAL IN THAT DROID YOU FIXED UP. IT SEEMS HE'S GONE ON A RAMPAGE. WHO COULD HAVE PREDICTED IT?



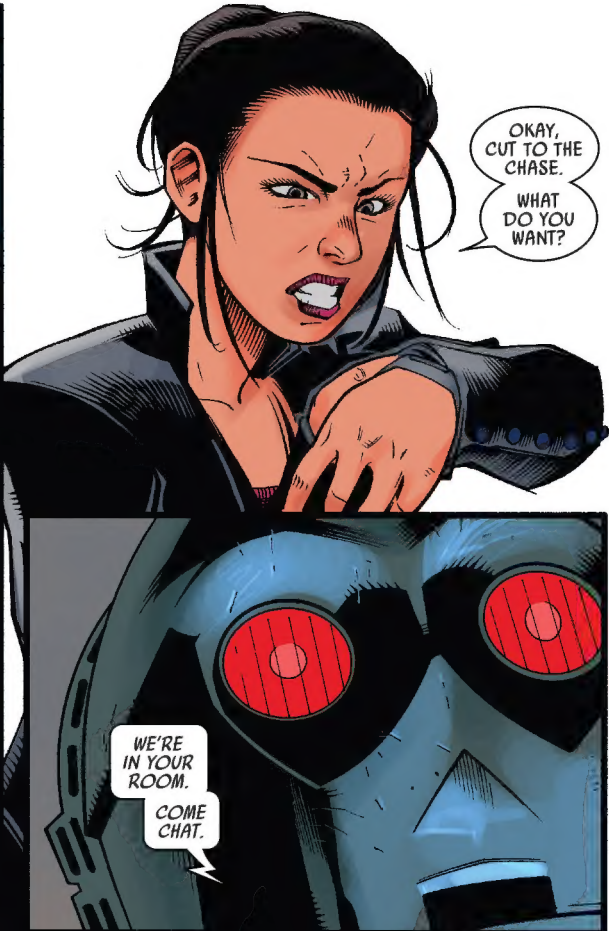
TURN OFF THE GUNS!

I'M SORRY, THAT WON'T BE POSSIBLE AT THIS TIME.



IT APPEARS THAT SOMEONE HAS SET FIRE TO THE GUN CONTROLS AND THEN ATTACKED THEM WITH SOME MANNER OF AX.

IT'S AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT. AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT PROGRAMMED TO KILL ANYONE, MASTER. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN AGAINST YOUR EXPRESS ORDERS, AND WE WOULD NEVER DREAM OF DOING SUCH A THING.

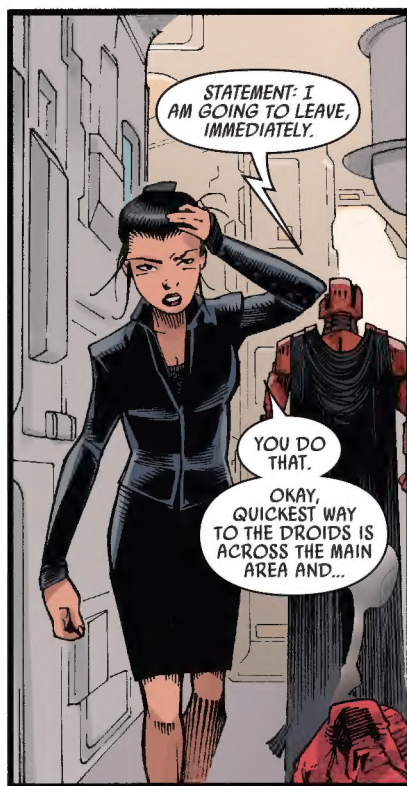


OKAY, CUT TO THE CHASE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE'RE IN YOUR ROOM.

COME CHAT.





YEAH,
LET'S FIND
ANOTHER
WAY.

BLEEP!

YES, BEETEE,
SHE'S MADE THE
SMART DECISION.
FOR ONCE.

BLEEP!

YES,
QUITE...

WE'RE
CERTAINLY
NOT BORED
ANYMORE.

EXISTENCE IS
SHORT, AND ONE
SHOULD ALWAYS
STRIVE TO ENJOY IT
WHILE ONE CAN.

BLEEP!

YES, IT IS
ESPECIALLY
SHORT WHEN
WE'RE AROUND.

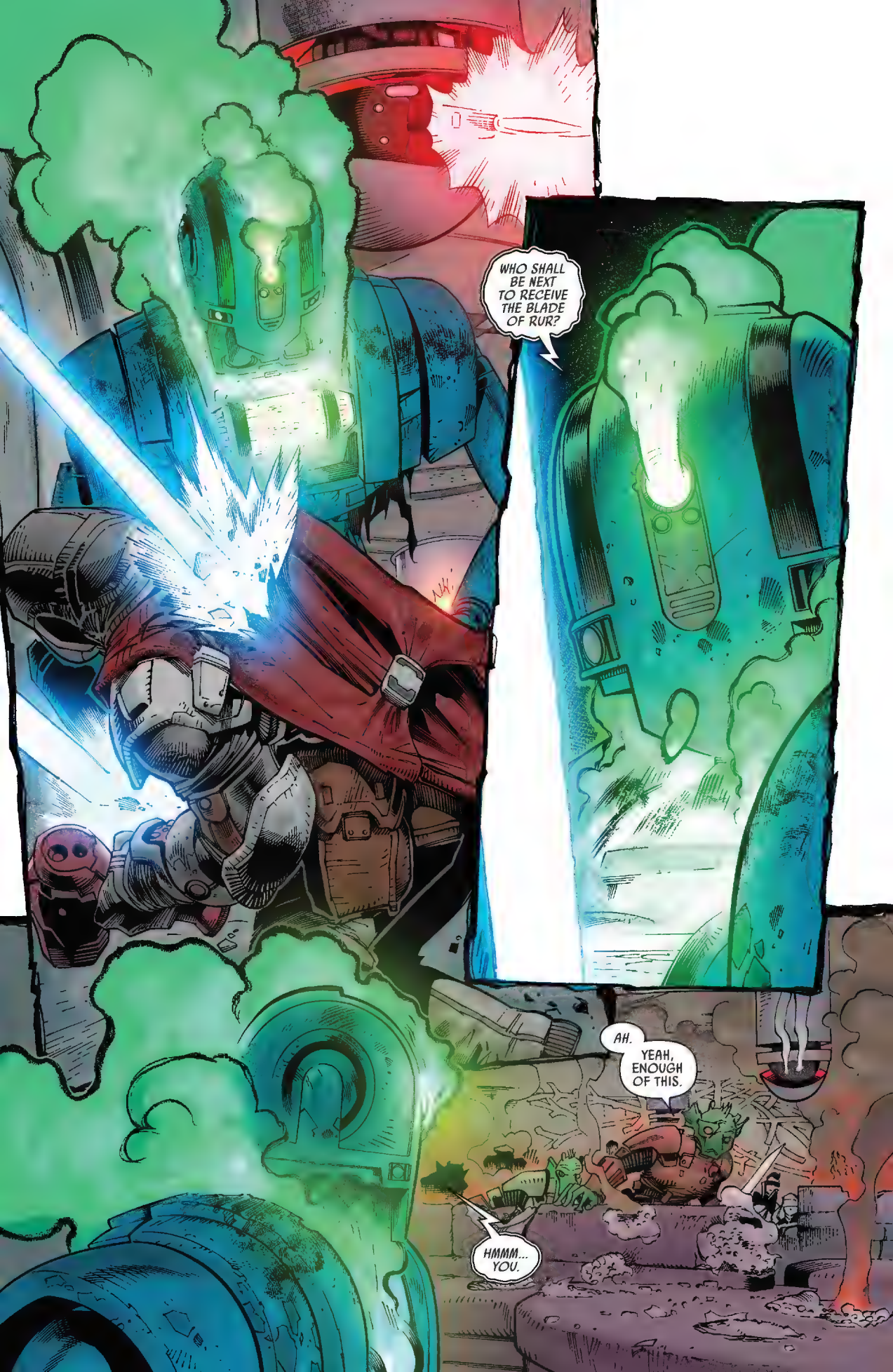
WHAT'S
YOUR
POINT?

BLEEP!

BE QUIET! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE
MADE ME DO, YOU USELESS
JAR OF JUNK! I'VE MISSED A
LOVELY BIT OF CARNAGE.

OH, THE HUMANITY!
THE DYING HUMANITY!

HOW WONDERFUL!
HOW DELIGHTFUL!



WHO SHALL
BE NEXT
TO RECEIVE
THE BLADE
OF RUR?

AH.
YEAH,
ENOUGH
OF THIS.

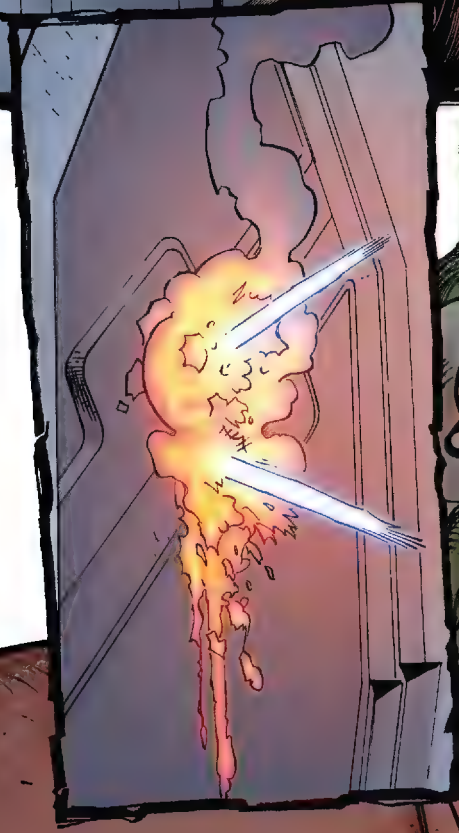
HMMM...
YOU.



IF ANYONE'S LISTENING, I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.

KILL

I'M STARTING TO SEE WHY PEOPLE OBJECT TO BEING HUNTED SO MUCH.

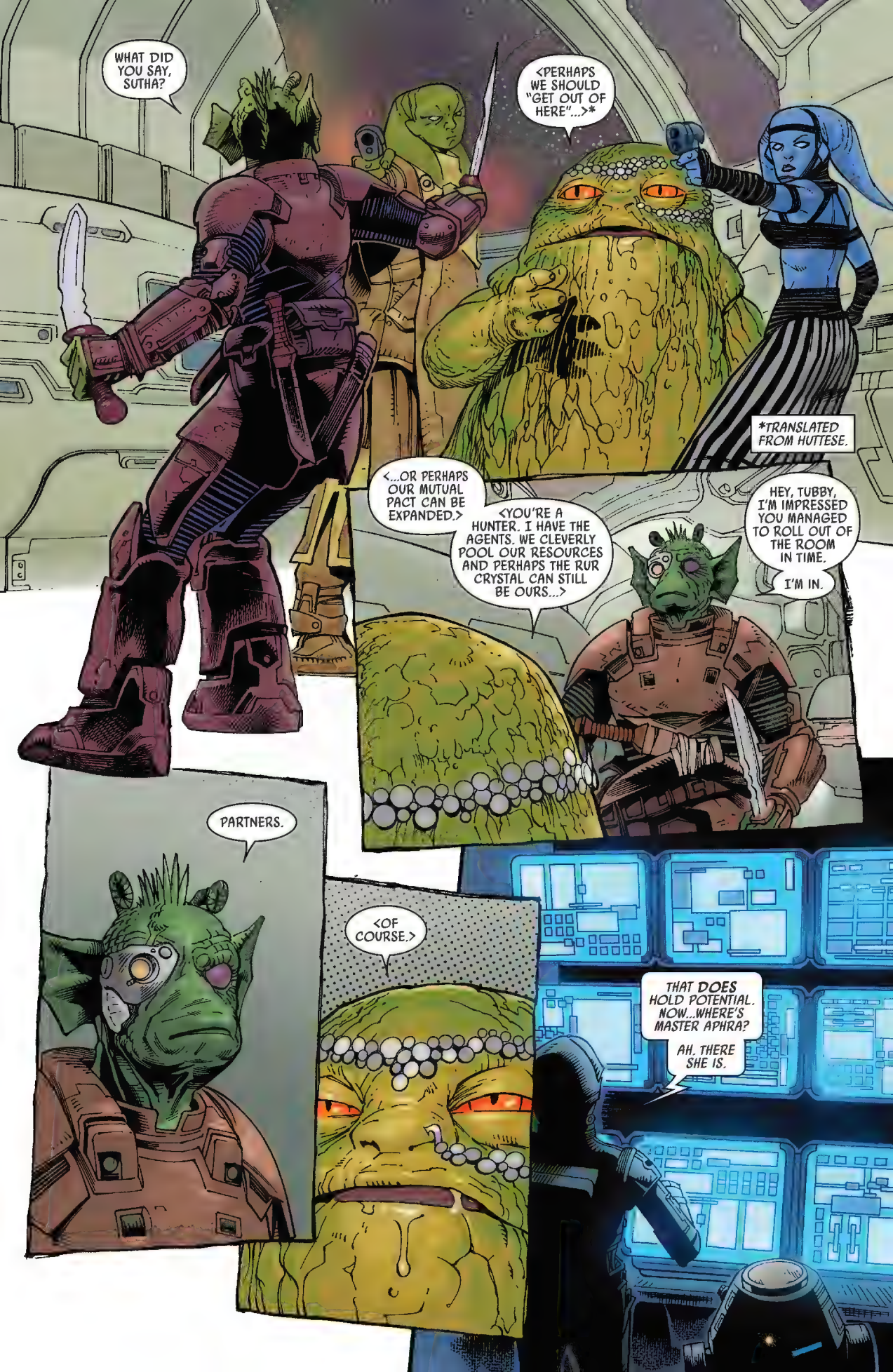


THIS ISN'T
WORKING
FOR ME.



WE NEED
TO GET OUT
OF HERE...

SSZZZZHH.



WHAT DID YOU SAY, SUTHA?

<PERHAPS WE SHOULD "GET OUT OF HERE"...>*

*TRANSLATED FROM HUTTESE.

<...OR PERHAPS OUR MUTUAL PACT CAN BE EXPANDED.>

<YOU'RE A HUNTER. I HAVE THE AGENTS. WE CLEVERLY POOL OUR RESOURCES AND PERHAPS THE RUR CRYSTAL CAN STILL BE OURS...>

HEY, TUBBY, I'M IMPRESSED YOU MANAGED TO ROLL OUT OF THE ROOM IN TIME.

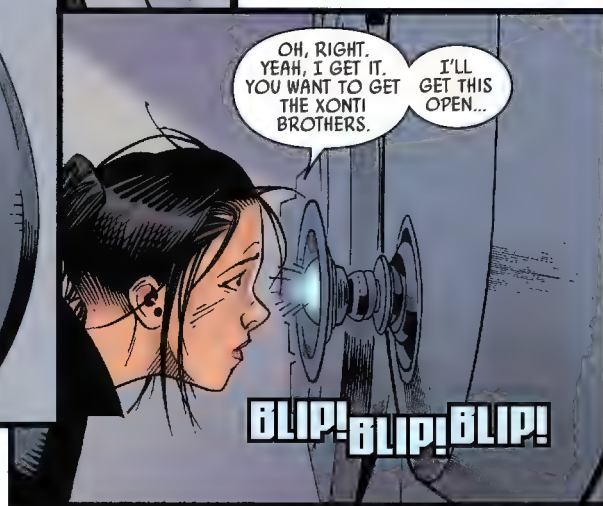
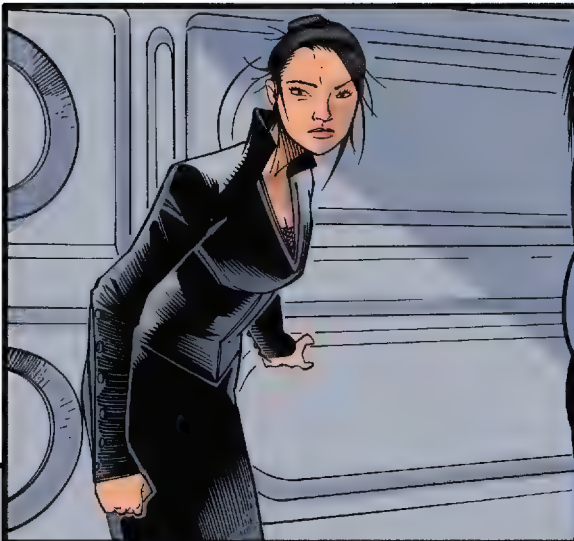
I'M IN.

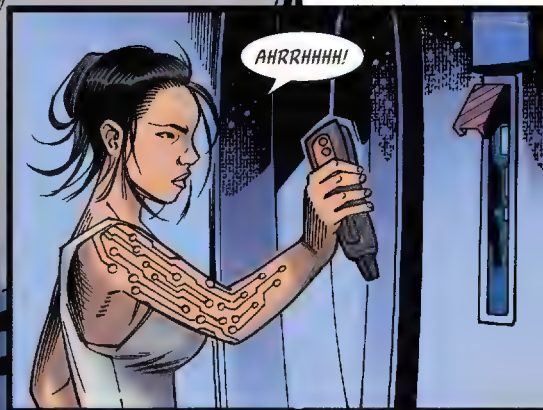
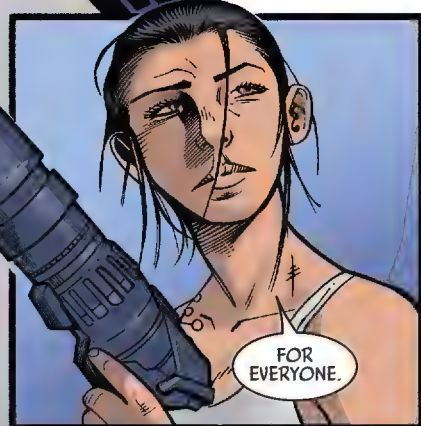
PARTNERS.

<OF COURSE.>

THAT DOES HOLD POTENTIAL. NOW...WHERE'S MASTER APHRA?

AH. THERE SHE IS.









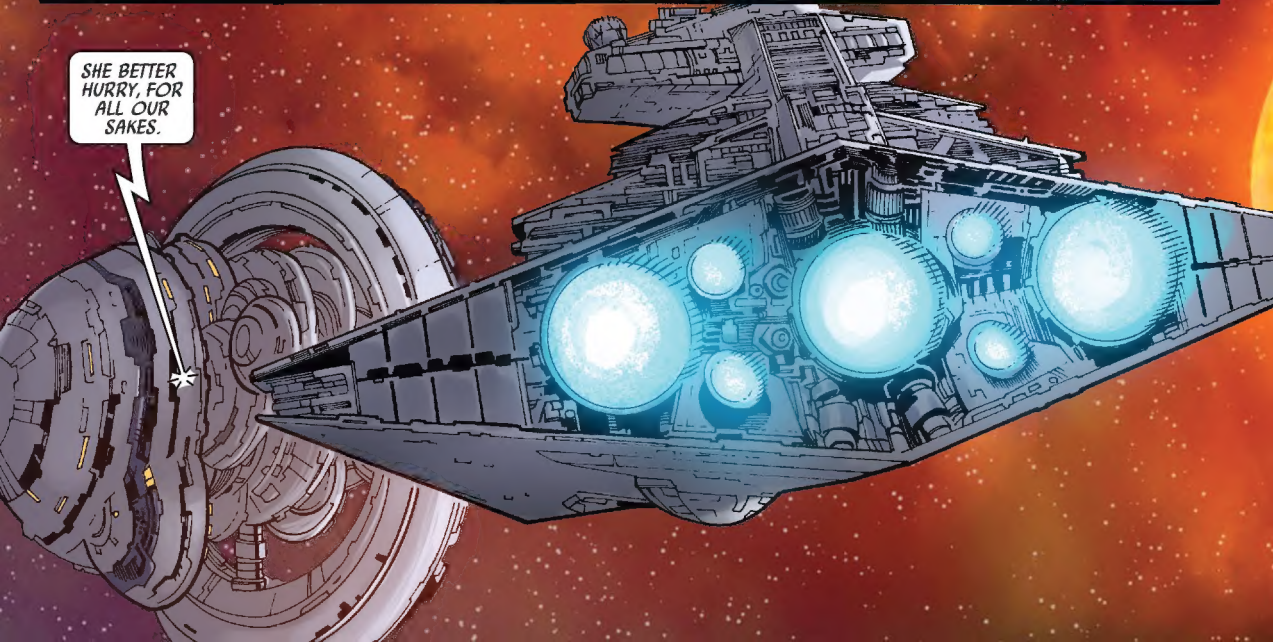
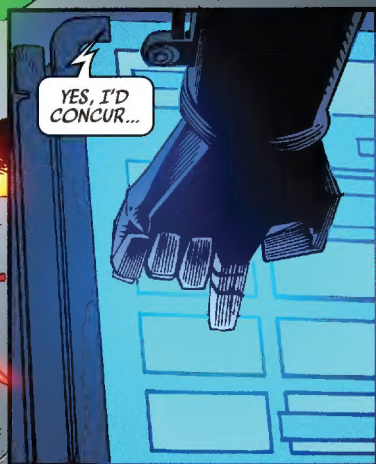
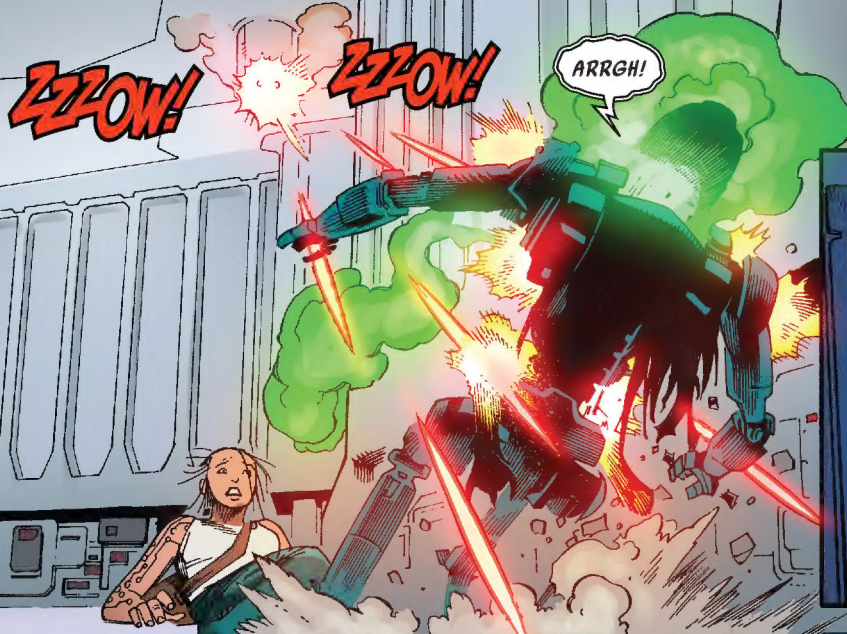
YOU BRING
AN ANCIENT JEDI TO
THE LIGHT...AND TRY
TO SELL HIM?

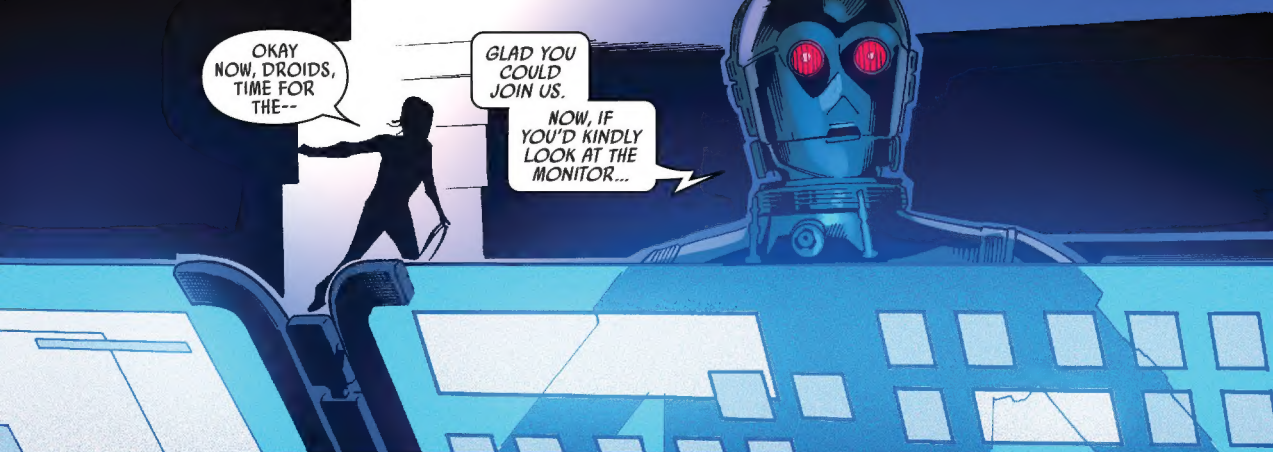
DID YOU
REALLY THINK IT
WAS GOING TO
END WELL?

GOT TO
BE HONEST,
RUR...

...I SPEND
A LOT OF TIME
TRYING TO AVOID
THINKING OF HOW
THINGS END.

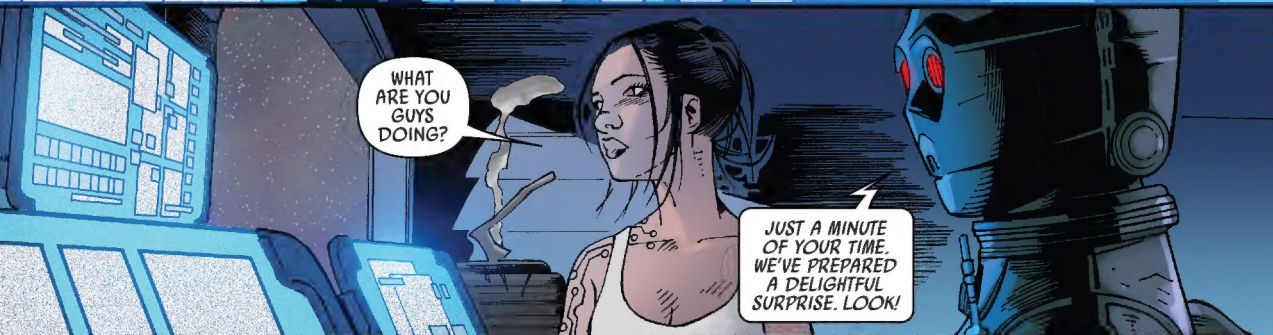
I DON'T
THINK I'M THE
SORT OF PERSON
TO GET A HAPPY
ENDING.





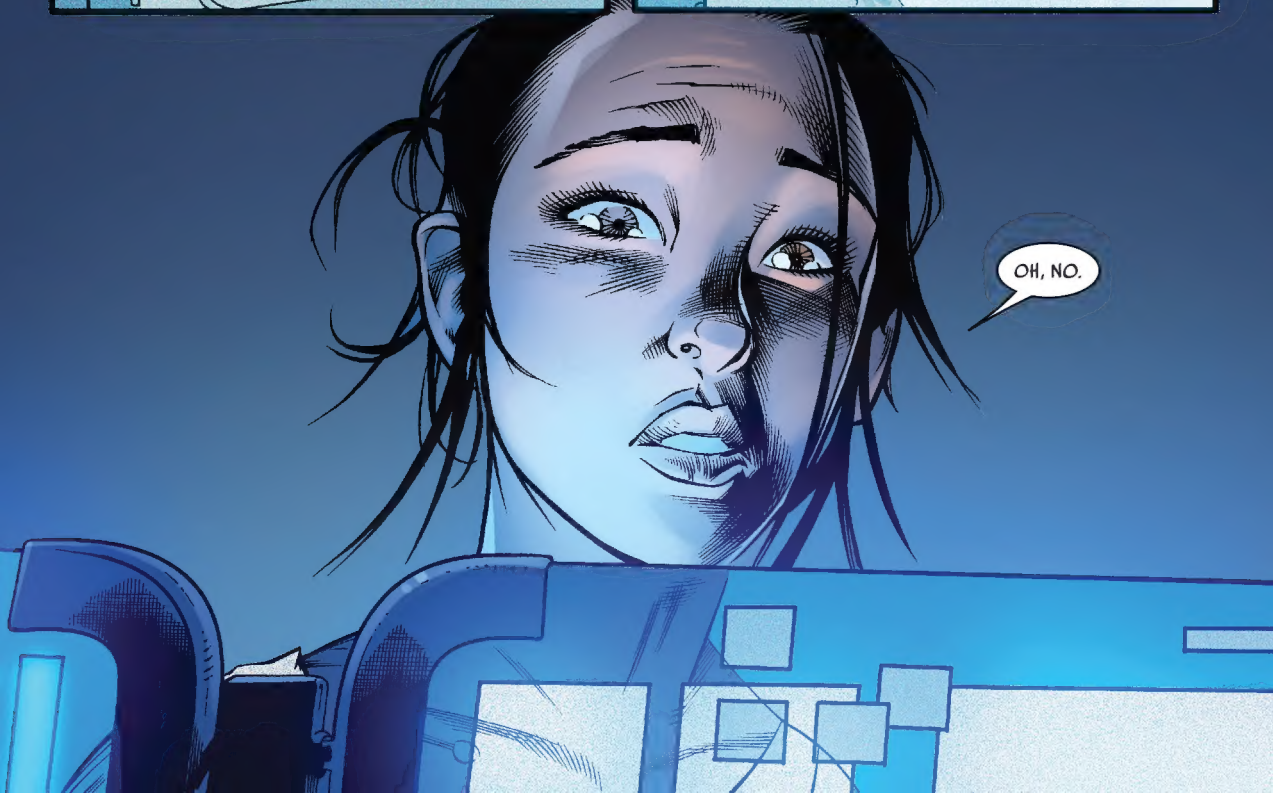
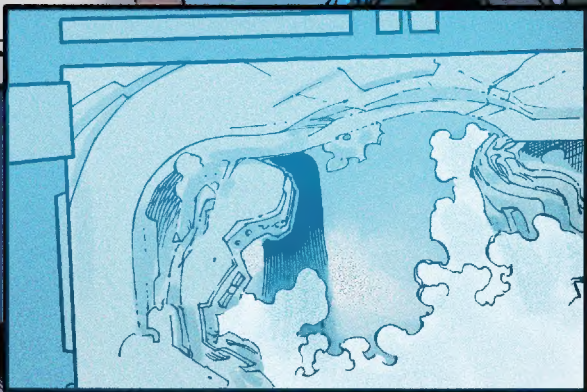
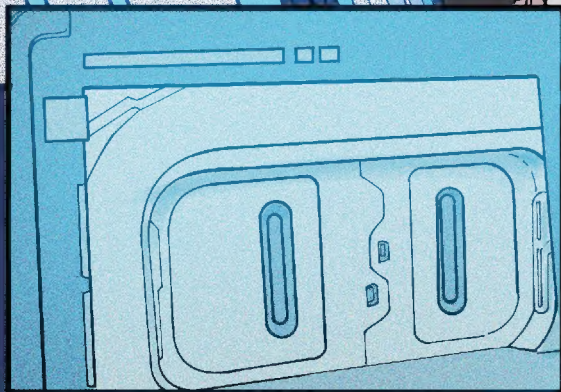
OKAY
NOW, DROIDS,
TIME FOR
THE--

GLAD YOU
COULD
JOIN US.
NOW, IF
YOU'D KINDLY
LOOK AT THE
MONITOR...



WHAT
ARE YOU
GUYS
DOING?

JUST A MINUTE
OF YOUR TIME.
WE'VE PREPARED
A DELIGHTFUL
SURPRISE. LOOK!



OH, NO.



DOCTOR APHRA **NEXT ISSUE!**



A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away
is a lot easier to get to than you think -
and we want to hear from you!
Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if
you want to make it onto a future letters
page. Don't forget to mark the letter
"OK TO PRINT."